

BALLYHOO

15 CENTS
MARCH



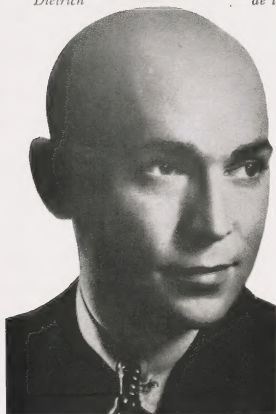
ANOTHER HAIR RAISING CONTEST!

\$100.00 in Prizes to the Cleverest Hair Restorers!



Dietrich

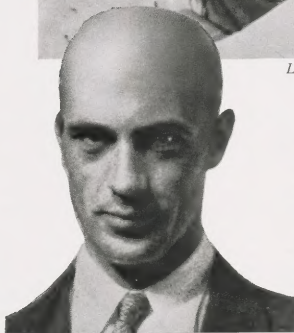
de trop



High Tone



Loy unconfined



Hairy Gary

Remember how these celebrities look with their hirsute permanents? Trace these photos on separate sheets of paper, pencil in the hair as you think it should be, and mail your results to the Bald Headed Editor of BALLYHOO, 149 Madison Ave., New York City. The prizes listed below will be awarded to the best entries. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Submit as many as you wish but all entries must be in by February 20th. None will be returned.

FIRST PRIZE
\$25.00

SECOND PRIZE
\$15.00

THIRD PRIZE
\$10.00

10 FOURTH PRIZES OF \$5 EACH

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They Laughed When I Sat Down on the Piano—

But their jeers quickly turned
to cheers when they saw
what I had accomplished
through Ballyhoo's wonder-
ful Correspondence School

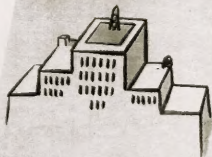
I WAS a stay-at-home, a wall-flower, always shy of the other sex, until accidentally one day I came across a Ballyhoo Correspondence Schools ad. I clipped the coupon and enrolled in a 130 week home study course in How to Become a Piano Mover.

Folks, no talent is necessary to move pianos at home in your spare time. You don't need to know a single note of music to learn this fascinating, simply entrancing profession. No end-lessly compulsory practise of harsh-sounding scales necessary.

Are you thin, scrawny, underweight? What would you do if a big bully insulted your best girl? Men, I can put knobs of muscles on your shoulders like baseballs. I can give you arms and legs like pillars. I can load your blood with red corpuscles that will shoot life and vitality throughout your entire system. You'll stretch out your big brawny arms—(oops, sorry, wrong ad!)

He's prosperous—he's popular—doesn't know a dull evening earning \$40 a week in his spare time playing the tenor zither (no that's not right, either).

Anyway, carry the postman around the block 4 times and we'll tell you whether you have any talent for piano moving. Please enclose \$143.46 in one cent stamps to help pay cost of this ad.



BALLYHOO'S CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

READING THE STARS

KEY TO CHARTS:

- Train stops on notice to conductor
- Don't take lunch boxes into ladies' room
- Keep hands off heavenly bodies
- Watch your hat and overcoat

WHAT DO THE HEAVENS FORETELL?



This chart, taken on a very dark night shows that wives born in April will be crabby and growl a lot.



People born today are apt to be mentioned by Uncle Don. Babies will bear a striking resemblance to their parents—the poor kids.



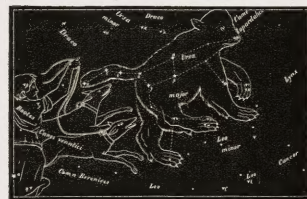
With poor fish over-running the heavens, July is no month for investment. Jupiter is in the wrong quarter and laughing up her sleeve.



January augers ill for those planning matrimony. The best month for marriage is September, and then during a total eclipse.

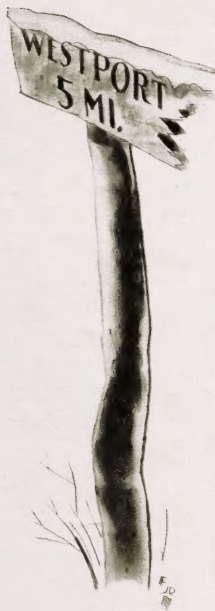


Sons of August who have salted away a million in government bonds, may look to the future confidently. Snow Friday followed by slush.



Our astrologer claims he was drunk when this was taken. It just shows what he goes through on a bad night.

BALLYHOO



MIRTH MARCHES ON!

New York, N. Y.

In the Rialto Barber Shop ("An Achievement for Men") last week a customer was being shaved, shampooed, massaged, manicured, shined. In the midst of it a man rushed into the shop, grabbed the customer by a fat shoulder, yelled in a lathered ear: "Hey Scarlotti! Your house is on fire!"

Half shaved, half shampooed, half massaged, half manicured, half shined the customer leaped from his chair, dashed out the door, down the street at a full gallop then suddenly stopped dead and with a curse, muttered, "What the hell am I running for? I'm not Scarlotti!"

London, England

Twenty minutes out from Charing Cross station a lean, lanky Britisher, slightly inebriated, (drunk) looked out the window, turned to one of his companions, said: "Is this Wembley?"

The second Britisher, ditto blotto, replied, "No, it's Thursday."

The third Britisher, who up to this time had been silent, said, "I'm Thursday, too. Let's have a drink."

Chicago, Ill.

Bald, middle aged nudist Elmer Twitchett, arrested for nudism, was hauled into court, faced grim visaged



"I'm tired of being stepped on around here!"



"Tune in on the President's speech—maybe that will send 'em home!"

Magistrate Benjamin Blodsky.

"Are you married?" asked the officer.

Nudist Twitchett nodded.

"How long have you been married?"

"Twenty-four years."

"Any children?"

"Twenty-three, your honor."

Magistrate Blodsky looked around the court, banged the desk with his gavel. "Case dismissed! This poor man never got a chance to get dressed!"

New York, N. Y.

To the Toy Department of Macy's ("No one is in Debt to Macy's") the chauffeur of a certain Park Avenue matron escorted her eight year old brat, let him ride the merry-go-round.

The brat rode and rode; came closing time and he refused to get off. The chauffeur pleaded with him, the clerks, the floor walker; he refused to budge. The manager was called, then the store psychologist. The brat still refused to move from his galloping steed, kicked at anyone who approached him.

Aloysius P. Smith, soft spoken demonstrator of health exercisers, was attracted to the scene, listened attentively, climbed upon the horse beside the brat, rode around with him once whereupon the brat climbed down meekly, left hurriedly with the chauffeur.

Said an amazed store psychologist to Mr. Smith, "How in the world did you ever do it?"



"Take a letter to the Exterminating Company, Mr. Morton!"

Mr. Smith yawned carelessly, spoke: "Oh, I just whispered in his ear 'you little ——— if you don't get the hell down out of there I'll kick the living ——— out of you!'"

London, England

Egyptian Hall, formerly run by Maskeleyne the celebrated magician, was supported mainly by clergymen, their wives and people who believed the theatre a wicked institution. One day one of the clergymen's wives approached the Great Maskeleyne, complimented him upon his performance then added that good as he was he couldn't do the things Our Dear Lord did.

Mr. Maskeleyne bowed, replied, "My dear lady, give me twelve accomplices with long sleeves and I'll guarantee to do anything he did!"

New York, N. Y.

One of Fifth Avenue's 1936, streamlined clergymen, after a strenuous Saturday night, climbed into his pulpit the following morning, addressed his congregation as follows: "Dearly beloved brethren, I am going to preach to you today from the thirstiest verse of the thirsty thirst chapter of the Book of Guinness's!"

London, England

Piccadillyish thespian James Ren nie taxi-ing to the Savage Club followed the dirty pointed finger of his

driver, saw an Egyptian crossing Trafalgar Square.

Said the jehu over his shoulder, "Y'know, those Egyptians weren't what they were cracked up to be. Tike Solomon for instance. He had three hundred wives and six hundred columbines, yet according to Holy Writ he slept with his fathers!"

New York, N. Y.

Into the office of a famous divorce lawyer the other afternoon rushed a customer, pounded the attorney's desk, demanded an annulment of his two-day old marriage.

"Why so soon and what's the trouble, my frand?" inquired the sur-

prised famous divorce lawyer.

"My wife, she's a chaste woman!" cried the excited groom.

"Why my frand!" exclaimed the attorney. "You should be honored, not offended!"

"Honored, my eye! If she wasn't good enough for anybody else she isn't good enough for me!"

New York, N. Y.

In a well known Gramercy Park club, two actors, somewhat the worse for wear, sat at a table near the bar, discoursed on national and international topics in a curiously quiet, if garbled manner.

The first drunk, who shall be name-



"John says you've been pretty sporting about our bill!"

less, tipped back in his chair, lost his balance, landed flat on his back on the floor.

The second drunk, who shall also be nameless, looked across the table down at his fellow companion, said in a rather worried voice, "You're coming back, aren't you?"

New York, N. Y.

Heywood Broun's Ford Maddox Ford, celebrated English author, recently visited the same club, sat with the roundtable wisecrackers, listened politely to several American stories kidding the English sense of humor.

Finally Mr. Ford told a story, a long involved tale concerning British soldiers in a dugout.

At its conclusion everyone laughed heartily; a few moments later Mr. Ford excused himself, left.



"Damn my stage training!"



There was a strange silence, then one of the wisecrackers glared across the table at a fellow wisecracker, exclaimed, "What were you laughing at?"

Wisecracker No. 2 thought hard a minute, finally shook his head, said, "I don't know!"

Since then long, bitter arguments have been fought but no one has discovered any point to Mr. Ford's story.

Hollywood, Cal.

One of Park Avenue's scions recently visited the cinema capital, fell in love with a chorus girl, in fact, so much so that he hired a tutor, to polish up her manners, with marriage and a very proper rich aunt in mind.

A few months later his aunt also visited Hollywood and he decided to make the big test, invited auntie to lunch to meet his dream girl.

The dream girl got along okay until a certain director passed their table whereupon she pointed at him and cried, "Geez, there's the louse that ruined me!"

Realizing her mistake, she smiled at auntie, said, "Excuse me for pointing!"

"Listen, you dirty chiseler, where's my rent?"



"Gad! You're sure footed!"

SCANTIE

● HOW ONE GIRL
SHOT HER WAY
TO HAPPINESS
AND LOVE ●

"If this don't get him,
nothing will," she hissed.



Illustrated by
James Montgomery Trembath

She was pure as the
driven snow—and how
the poor girl was driven!

A GRADE A TRUE STORY
PASSED BY THE GOOD
LOVE-KEEPING INSTITUTE

◆ ALICE FAIRE surveyed her lovely form in the full length mirror. The pearl-handled pistol on her dressing table echoed the translucent tints of her flesh. Her trim chassis and firm, young you-know— Then comes five hundred or a thousand words, at a quarter of a cent a word—what she thinks and how she feels. But who gives a damn what she thinks, or how she feels?

If this were a story for the American Mercury we'd give it a different twist, something vital and significant, but this is for the kitchen trade, and it's about PURE LOVE.

Satisfied with her inventory, the girl stepped daintily into her skimpy, transparent scanties. "If these don't get him, nothing will," she hissed aloud to herself, causing the steam pipes to curl up in shame.

A long, chromium steel Hispania-Franchini rolled silently up to her door, and Basil Stanhope, the richest, handsomest and most dangerous man in the Social Register sat in darkness watching her seductive contours silhouetted against the drawn curtain. The low insidious blast of his siren echoed along the silent street. He was getting impatient. He had just returned from Africa and he hadn't seen a white woman in a year.

It looks like a tough job, but this being the kind of story it is, we've got to join these two characters in Holy Wedlock. We know they're going to get married and so do you—so what the hell!

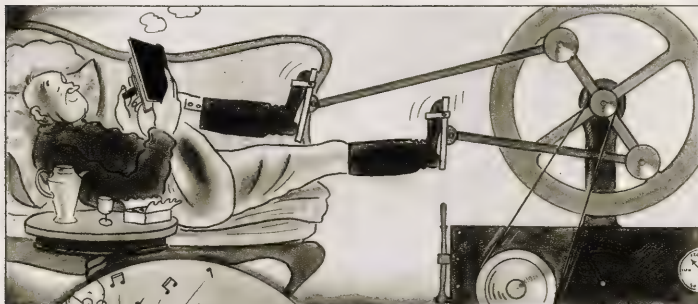
If you're a glutton for punishment, turn to Page 33 for the finish but don't say you weren't warned.



"What kind of a pen do you use,
Mr. Flagg?" shrieked Lady Grousely.

TIME MARCHES ON!

*Ballyhoo's Daring Cameramen
Cover the Entire Universe!*



Here, one of our more ingenious heavyweight boxing contenders demonstrates the clever way in which he has solved the knotty problem of how to be at home for telephone calls without having to forego his daily ten-mile run.



Possessors of picket fences will be interested in this gentleman's ingenious idea of using hollow pickets, as shown, which, when small boys run by rattling a stick against them, play "Wintergreen for President" in mellow tones.



On the left is a composite photograph, taken some months ago, of the average movie fan. On the right may be seen the almost unbelievable improvement shown since the Legion of Decency made the cinema all pure and sweet and clean.



Joel Snare, writer of the realist school, utilizes a new, delicate device to record the impact of a snowflake, before he uses in his novel the simile, "as softly as a falling snowflake."



Illustrated above is the new rubber pick-axe, invented by Dr. Paul Indeed, whose purpose is that the government may create thousands of new FWA jobs without having to keep on ripping up all our pavements.



Showing the new type of doorway that is rapidly sweeping the country as a result of the women's new hats that are sweeping the country.



Elmer A. Carrot, who only recently built a much better mouse-trap than anyone else, is now cleaning up nicely on a patented beater, for use in beating a path to his doorway.



That eminent agriculturalist, Peter Hmph, shows how, by quietly relating stories of the Administration that would make one's hair curl, he has succeeded in growing cigars, already rolled, on his tobacco plants.

READING BETWEEN THE COLUMNS

American Tragedy, 1935 Version:
The hand that robs the cradle rules
the world. . . . The broken spirit of
Lindbergh—a national disgrace . . .

—Walter Winchell.

You mean "rules the tabloids," Wal-
ter; and the national disgrace is the
ruthless, prying tabloids that hounded
Lindbergh out of the country!

We'd save ourselves gobs of grief
if we would refuse to enter into any



*"Somehow, I like this ciga-
rette in spite of their ads."*

serious partnership—marriage particu-
larly—with either a man or woman,
until we had seen how he or she re-
acts to loneliness.

—Elsie Robinson.

*But Elsie how can we see he or she
when he or she is alone?*

"If I were traveling the Gobi desert
or were stranded in the wildernesses
of Tibet, I think an American girl
would offer me the greatest under-
standing and comradeship."

—Francis Lederer.

*But, Francis, suppose she couldn't
cook?*

I've watched the click of a pert drug
store in the neighborhood, the sort
called a chemists shop with window
displays such as a single bar of \$2 jet
black soap nestling in a billowy twirl
of white satin. The manager is a sleek
young modern careerist who has mas-
tered a neat trick. On second visit he
calls one by name. New York loves that.

—O. O. McIntyre.

*Don't tell us, Odd, that he didn't
know you on the first visit!*

"Everybody in California is nertz.
You can't make pictures in California.
Why? Because the smartest people
aren't on the coast. The smartest
people are in the east—or maybe in
Chicago."

—Ben Hecht.



*"Why, Mr. Himdish, this is the twentieth
time this month you've taken inventory!"*



"How much experience have you had as an amateur?"

NOTE: Mr. Hecht lives in the East. He comes from Chicago.

"If a man or woman wants to be tempted, they can be tempted just as easily on a street car as they can on a movie set."

—Gloria Stuart.

Or waiting for a street car.

... Near Grand Central: "It has a very sad ending. She dies, and he goes back to his wife."

—Walter Winchell.

Doesn't Oscar Wilde get any credit for that line?

Fame. In one month 70,000 New Yorkers, most of whom cannot pronounce the name of Van Gogh, have gone to the exhibition of his paintings at the Modern Museum.

—Gilbert Seldes.

Oh, come, come, Gilbert. That's nearly 2400 a day and, figuring an 8 hour day, 5 a minute. Isn't that Van Goghing pretty far?

Only last night a perfect stranger walked up to me in a public place and said, "I think your stuff is terrible."

What are you supposed to do in a case like that?

—Heywood Brown.

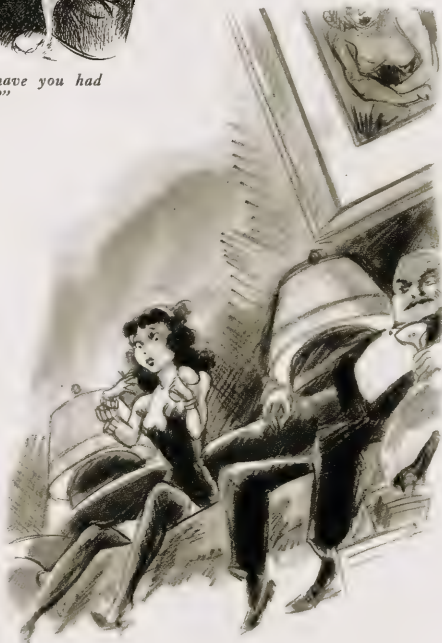
Write a better column, Heywood!

The Prince of Peace may have been surprised when he saw the President going to church on Christmas Day after 1900 years of "Christian civilization."

First came six heavily armed policemen on motorcycles, clearing the way, with eyes to detect suspicious purposes. Then came members of the Presidential family in White House limousines.

—Arthur Brisbane.

Wonder what the Prince of Peace would do if he saw a Hearst Tabloid?



"What was it mama said to say if a man tried to get you drunk!"

Thoughts while strolling: Who remembers when dancers held each other at polite distance?

—O. O. McIntyre.

And who the hell cares?

It takes one of those hard-boiled truckmen from his high perch to deflate a passer-by. One today in 39th Street called to a precisely dressed blade: "Hey, Jack, gotta match?" The blade did not even cast him a glance, so he jockeyed up and twittered in falsetto: "You know what Mama said, Cuthbert, about chocolate sun-daes, you little devil you!"

—O. O. McIntyre.

We'll the truckmen probably talk that way in Gallipolis, Odd, but not in dear old New York.

Only one solitary American citizen had a net income above five million dollars last year.

—Arthur Brisbane.

What'd'ya mean, solitary, Arthur!



"Oh! You and your damn autobiography!"

This does not seem like Monday. It doesn't even seem like 1936.

—F. P. A. in Thursday's Tribune.

Why should it?

"I'm a member, ain't I?"

—Governor Talmadge of Georgia.

We dunno—is you?

"I don't think you could get my husband tired of scrambled eggs."

—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

How about scrambled letters?

A nation which, as a whole, took a genuine interest in history and literary associations would be a scholarly nation.

—Bruno Lessing.

You said it, my frat!

(Speaking of Gov. Landon)

Paul Block says "he is a great man," Mr. Hearst says "he is an able, direct man." There is no doubt that he is a powerful, determined, thoughtful man, and one who may be President needs all of that.

—Arthur Brisbane

Spoken like a true Hearst man Arthur!



"—and this little pig stayed home!"



"Good God, Bagby! Don't you know ANYTHING about women?"

eminent americans



Elsie de Wolfe (now Lady Mendt), chosen by leading Paris dress-makers as the Best Dressed Woman in the World. Lady Mendt, it is said, spends \$40,000 a year for her clothes.

Below: This gent spends nothing. He is one of Kansas City's Neediest being given a warm overcoat. Lady Mendt please wait.



Left: Can this be another Ford job? American tailors have selected Edsel Ford as one of the ten best dressed men.

Photos by Acme and Wide World

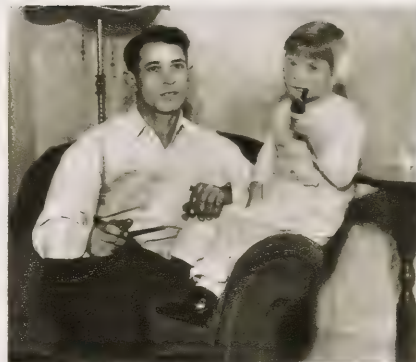


Speaking of well dressed men, here we have His Honor the Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York City lighting up his corn cob.

Miss Irene Farga, winner of Mrs. Harriman's recent Sweepstakes, is a spiritualist and says she knew the number of the winning ticket in advance. Is that sporting, Irene?



And now, ladies and gents, we have none other than the Queen of Cosmetics! Miss Elaine Clements of Chicago seems to be all puffed up and no place to go.



Miss Gloria Mae Orlando, aged 4, of Duluth, Ill., who has been smoking a pipe regularly for over a year.

Below: Keep your eye on the ball, men! Meet Miss Hallie Elliott, links patrolman at the Orlando, Fla., Golf Tournament.



Fred T. Walker, Fighting Four-gelint, came to Hollywood to purify it and ended up by taking a job as make-up man at 20th Century studios.

Charlotte Gilchrist, who did a combination fan and Hawaiian dance at the recent Greenwich Village Ball. Want to see Samoa?



Tilda Geter, ex-University of Kansas student (she always Geter her man!) has been selected as Broadway's most Perfect Show Girl. It is not known what press agent choir her



MR. POTTER'S PICTURE

MR. POTTER was walking up Madison Avenue when he saw a man taking his picture. He yanked his hat brim and increased his pace, but the undismayed countenance of the fellow with the camera showed he had got what he wanted. As Mr. Potter passed, the man handed him a numbered card. Mr. Potter took it, acting mechanically. He felt smirched, violated. He had seen other citizens being photographed in such manner, but had never thought of it happening to him.

Involuntarily he glimpsed the presuming message that he was outraged to find in his grasp. With the Crowds and Avenues as a background, this Photo, he learned, was guaranteed to be the BEST and MOST NATURAL he had ever had taken. Snorting contemptuously he threw the record into the street.

In the next block, noting a glowering reflection of himself in a frosted show window, Mr. Potter recognized a commercial principal. After all, it was people that put up some fair sort of appearance that those fellows would pick for the suckers most apt to want to send for pictures of them-



"Gentlemen, I've perfected a cigarette that is both a sedative and a stimulant! The only trouble now is that it won't burn and it smells to high Heaven."



"I like it but I ain't the public!"



selves. Mr. Potter looked in another shop window and grumpily adjusted his muffler and resettled his hat. His new overcoat, he observed, fit him as natively as the salesman had vouched. The line of his just-purchased grey felt and the smartly snipped peppery stubble above his compressed lips reminded him of glossy masculine fashion pages' depiction of the youthful older man-about-town.

The residue of his huff left him by degrees. In plate glass above a lingerie display, he remarked that his face had regained its urban composure. He wondered idly what expression the camera had caught him wearing. A natural one, likely. The shutter had doubtless clicked before he had reacted to what was going on.

Crosstown traffic surged from a standstill. Virtually alone with his thoughts, Mr. Potter bided his time at a curb, and just as his fellow pedestrians flocked ahead, he turned around and went back the other way.



He sneaked past the camera and at the curb beyond, with unstudied manner and slight natural gesture, recalled something he had to turn around and go back and do. He reapproached the camera, noting it casually, not forbiddingly. He looked pleasant, suavely. The man took a picture of somebody else.

Grimly, Mr. Potter went around the block and tried again. The photographer was in the same spot, for the moment in cynically watchful repose. Mr. Potter swung forward with resolution. The man regarded him. Mr. Potter nodded desperately. The man jumped into action. An office boy above the scene cleared a window ledge of frozen snow and it fell on Mr. Potter's hat with a muffled thud. The photographer abandoned Mr. Potter as a subject and focused upon a man without snow on his head.

Whisking his hat, once more Mr. Potter doggedly recircled the block. At least the fellow knew now that his services were desired and the thing could be handled without confusion. And indeed, as Mr. Potter rounded the fateful corner anew, the photographer signalled recognition and prepared for Mr. Potter's approach. Mr. Potter attuned his features to a register of worldly calm and approached with confidence. But a fragment of the same icy snow that

(Continued on page 32)

"Another psychic bidder, I suppose, Joe."

He spied discarded pasteboards of familiar size on the sidewalk, but he remembered dropping his on the street, and sure enough, across an icy intersection there it reposed.

West had the red light, and Mr. Potter slyly allowed one of his personal cards to flutter curbsward. A noncooperative *whoof*, of wind deposited it on the sidewalk several feet away. Mr. Potter abandoned subterfuge and stooped. His gloved fingers fumbled and dug at the photographer's card, but the wafer of pasteboard perversely clung to sticky ice. Passersby became attracted. Mr. Potter quit the scene without the card. In his reprecipitated discomfiture he almost gave the whole thing up. But he saw the hunched rear of the camera man ahead.

Pausing in a doorway, he lit a cigarette to restore his poise and moved on, deliberating. You couldn't just go up to one of those chaps and say, "All right, here, take my picture!"



"I'm trying out a political friend who can kill parking tickets."

ALAS, POOR YOICKS!

IF the Battle Creek Equipment Co., has anything to say about it, no longer will red-coated huntsmen go skittering across the greensward of a frosty morn, shouting "View Halloo;" bridle paths will become practically empty; valets will turn into grooms, and some thousand odd "White Wings" will join the army of the unemployed.

In their New York stables, three jumps from Fifth Avenue, at 25 West 45th Street, the Battle Creek Co., has quartered one of the finest collection of steeds ever seen. Handsome, restive animals, some fourteen hands high and seven feet long they are complete with

saddle, stirrups, reins and as pretty a collection of pipes as ever gave vent to a gallop. (See illustration)

According to the trainer, these ingenious electrical thoroughbreds "make all the movements" of the regulation-born animal, which is certainly carrying science pretty far! Just press a button—say "Ohm James!" and you may "Canter," "Trot" or "Gallop" as befits your mood.

The beginner would most likely start with "Canter," a thoroughly amiable little motion that "puts-you-up, takes-you-down," and gives your watery bloodstream the well-known "run-around." The "trot" just bounces you about more quickly but when Ohmah

gallops he gallops so look out for a cropper. He also carves off the pound-age, which is the real reason why the Battle Creek Co. is in existence.

The practical advantages of the electrical horse are many and varied. For instance; it costs \$650.00 F.O.B. (Full of bolts) while any decent live one would stand you two to three hundred dollars, plus fifty odd bucks a month for board and keep, the incidental expense of getting to and from the creature, to say nothing of such things as saddles, bridles, bits, habits, blankets, feed-bags and the amount of lump sugar consumed.

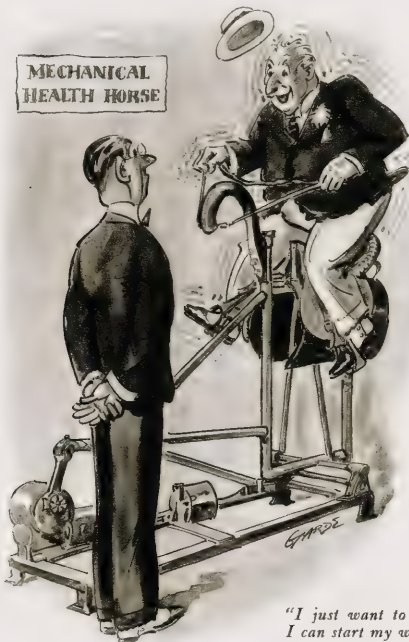
The animal can be housed in any spare room. He will require very little care—a quick rub-down with the duster occasionally, a spot of oil if the joints stiffen. Thus, the daily dozen may be taken in pajamas and privacy with no one around to tell you that your "seat" is no good—or snicker if you come a cropper. Think of leaping out of bed, onto the faithful steed galloping, galloping, galloping—and back into bed again!

The woman with an eye to the calories may eat in sublime disregard of them by simply hoisting herself on horrie and trotting them off.

The literal male, who insists on at least the presumption of sport might borrow his wife's fox collar, chuck it around the floor and whoop "Yoicks!" lustily, while waiting for the bath to draw. Hostesses will be spared the ordeal of feeding fifty or a hundred hungry mouths at Hunt Breakfasts and mothers will no longer have to worry about their impressionable daughters and the devastating effect of the virile groom.

The popularity of the electrical horse is growing by leaps and bounds and the shrewd eye of the appraiser now judges the steel strength of the "wither" pipes and listens to the soft purring of the juice instead of the rhythmic beat of flying hooves. Mr. Hutton has one on his yacht, likewise Mr. Bush for whom the New York Terminal was named. The liners carry them—the Manhattan, Pennsylvania and Washington among others—so now it is quite the thing to gallop to Gaul astride a fine steed. Joan Crawford canters in the boudoir, Billie Burke rides miles in the sanctity of her exercise room, Edmund Lowe keeps his muscles strong with a few brisk minutes "in the saddle" and Jimmie Durante has christened his electric horse "Colossal."

—G. P. Hill.



"I just want to see if I can start my watch!"



"You can borrow that book if you want to finish it!"

VENUS, LTD.

BY NORMAN ANTHONY

ACT ONE

George Uto's penthouse. An ultra-modern terrace with futuristic awnings and zig-zag architecture. Backstage, center, entrance to dining room. Left, the terrace parapet and beyond it the tips of neighboring skyscrapers. Right, the entrance to another wing of the penthouse.

It is daylight, but a queer, dusky sort of daylight. In fact, the whole place has an eerie atmosphere that suggests some foreign land. Even the skyscrapers in the distance are odd looking.

At curtain rise, ZORA, the maid, is peeking curiously into the dining room from which comes the sound of low conversation and laughter. ZORA is a languid Gracie Allen, blonde and dumb. After a moment, JUPE, the butler, appears in the dining room doorway. He is carrying a large silver coffee service and he surveys ZORA coldly.

JUPE: Well—? *(He proceeds downstage and deposits the coffee service on a low table. He straightens up and eyes ZORA, who has followed him slowly downstage.)* *(With heavy sarcasm.)* I trust you're enjoying the party? ZORA: Not very—they talk so low I can hardly hear them. JUPE *(With great irony)*: How inconsiderate! I'll speak to the master about it.

ZORA *(Alarmed)*: Oh, don't do that—

JUPE *(Eyeing her sadly)*: Very well— *(He fusses with the coffee things.)*

ZORA *(With a glance toward the dining room)*: Seems to

me we're having a terrible lot of visitors lately—

JUPE: Your powers of observation are amazing!

ZORA *(With a naive smile)*: Oh, anyone could tell that. *(JUPE looks at her sorrowfully.)* When did they arrive?

JUPE: Just in time for dinner—They came by plane.

ZORA: I suppose they'll be staying over night—

JUPE: Correct—

ZORA *(Peeking in again)*: Funny looking, aren't they—

JUPE: Everything is relative, my dear.

ZORA: Oh, are they relatives?

JUPE *(Looking at her sadly)*: No, they are *not* relatives. This is their first visit so far as I know.

ZORA: Even relatives have to make a first visit, don't they?

JUPE *(Coldly)*: I said they were *not* relatives!

ZORA: Oh, I knew they weren't! I could tell that by the way they talked. So nice and polite. *(JUPE shakes his head sadly.)* Have you any relatives, Jupe?

JUPE: No!

ZORA: Neither have I. *(She looks at him brightly.)* That sort of makes us relatives, doesn't it?

JUPE: No, it doesn't!

ZORA: No, I suppose not. *(She looks in the dining room again.)* The blonde gentleman's rather handsome.

JUPE: That would be Mr. Peter Pepper, Jr.

ZORA *(Laughing)*: Peter Pepper! What a queer name!

JUPE: As I said before, everything is— *(He decides not to go into that again.)*

ZORA: It's like the man who picked a peck of pickled—

JUPE *(Grimly)*: That gentleman's name was Piper.

ZORA *(Smiling)*: Oh, yes. And anyway, this man's a Jr., isn't he?

JUPE *(Sadly)*: Yes.

ZORA: Who's the lady?

JUPE *(Resigned)*: Mrs. Peter Pepper, Jr.

ZORA *(Open eyed)*: You mean they're married?

JUPE *(Patiently)*: Yes, they are married. In fact, they were married just this morning.

ZORA: How funny!

JUPE: A bit old world.

ZORA *(Brightly)*: Then they're on their honeymoon!

JUPE: Well it's a bit early for their golden wedding!

ZORA: Yes, you have to be married a hundred years for a golden wedding.

JUPE *(Sadly)*: Something like that—

ZORA *(Looking in)*: Who's the other gentleman?

JUPE *(Stiffly)*: I wouldn't exactly call him a gentleman! His name is Mr. Fred Burns. *(With heavy sarcasm.)* He says his friends call him 'Freddy'!

ZORA: Well, that's the usual nickname for 'Fred', isn't it? Although I knew a Fred once and they called him Charley.

JUPE: Yes? *(He eyes her sadly.)*

ZORA: Yes, his middle name was Fred.

JUPE: Rubbish!

ZORA *(Open eyed)*: Why—how did you know?

JUPE: How did I know—what?

ZORA: That his name was Rubbish. Charley Rubbish—that was his name. *(She smiles brightly.)* It's a small world, isn't it?



"Either he's a perfect gentleman or else I don't appeal to him."



JUPE (Sadly): Yes—(With a resigned air, he busies himself with the coffee service. ZORA takes another peek in the dining room.)

ZORA: That Mr. Burns seems terribly interested in Miss Cleo.

JUPE (Indignantly): To say nothing of the master's wines! (He sighs.) But then what can you expect from foreigners!

ZORA: Yes.
ZORA: Where are they from?

JUPE: New York.
ZORA (Open eyed): Really? They say New York is a terrible place. All the people think about is money and sex.

JUPE: Don't be redundant!

ZORA (Smiling): I'm not. I'm serious! (She looks in the dining room pensively.) From what I've seen of it in the movies it must be fun.

JUPE: What must be fun?

ZORA: Sex.

JUPE (Shrugging his shoulders): A bit childish I should say. However, the world is full of peculiar people. I saw a picture the other day where two South Sea Islanders took great delight in rubbing noses.

ZORA: Maybe their noses itched?

JUPE: Maybe— (ZORA bends over to pick something up, showing a great expanse of leg. JUPE views the exposure unmoved.) You have a rip in your bloomers.

ZORA (Looking into the dining room and paying no attention): Yes, I know— (She sighs.) It must be fun to be in love—

JUPE: The poets speak highly of it.

ZORA: Were you ever in love, Jupe?

JUPE (Stiffly): Never.

ZORA (Looking at him pensively): We might try it some time.

JUPE: Try what?

ZORA: Sex.

JUPE (Impatiently): You don't know what you're talking about!

ZORA: Yes, I do—sex.

JUPE (Icily): Well, you'd better stop!

ZORA (Looking in again): Oh, I like to talk about sex. That Mr. and Mrs. Salt—

JUPE: The name is Pepper!

ZORA: They seem so happy. They look at each other so lovingly—

JUPE: As I said before, they were married just this morning.

ZORA (Not hearing him): The other gentleman looks at Miss Cleo the same way.

JUPE (Stiffly): All people look the same way when

they're in love. It's a symptom common to the entire animal kingdom. (He straightens up from arranging the coffee things.)

ZORA: Do you suppose they'll be staying long?

JUPE (With a glance in the dining room): That I do not know, but I do know that if you don't run along and tend to your business you won't be staying long! Hurry now—they're coming out!

(ZORA exits quickly and the dinner party enters from the dining room in the following order. CLEO. Tall, blonde, beautiful, voluptuous, cool with perfect poise, a sophisticated virgin. FREDDY. Forti-ish, man-about-town, a wise-cracking Casanova. ETHEL PEPPER. Small, dark, fluttery, sexy, a suburban debutante. PETER PEPPER. An uneasy bridegroom. GEORGE UTO. Polite, austere, superior, doctorish, a bit Christlike. CLEO drifts downstage and sits on a couch, FREDDY hot after her. ETHEL, exclaiming with joy over the parapet, walks to it followed by PETER and UTO. JUPE serves the coffee.)

ETHEL: Peter! Just look! Isn't this simply marvelous! (Looking over edge.) What a divine place to commit suicide!

PETER (To Uto): Nice spot you have.

UTO (Smiling politely): We rather like it.

ETHEL: And what a gorgeous view! (They ad lib conversation as FREDDY sits down beside CLEO and gazes ardently into her eyes.)

FREDDY: Cleo—may I call you Cleo? (She smiles coolly.) My God you're beautiful! (She takes the demi tasse that JUPE hands her and looks at

FREDDY, amused.) I suppose everyone tells you that? (She playfully blows cigarette smoke in his face.) Well, everyone's right! (He pats her hand con-



"Good Lord, Bagatelle! When will you get over making mountains out of molehills!"

identially and takes the coffee that JUPÉ sticks under his nose.) You know, baby, if I had you in the States, I could make you! (*Hastily.*) Not that I'm not going to try here! Give me a wench and I take a mile!

CLEO (*Not seeming to understand*): Make me, Mr. Burns?

FREDDY (*Grimacing*): So you won't talk, eh? I mean make you famous. Why beside you those Hollywood dolls would look like a bunch of wash-women! You'd out-garbo Garbo! You'd clean up! (*Suddenly.*) Say, you're not married or anything, are you?

CLEO (*Laughing*): You are a funny little boy!

FREDDY: Listen, lady, I may be funny but I'm no little boy! (*Drawing himself up importantly.*) I guess you don't know who I am!

CLEO (*Smiling*): Oh, yes I do! You're Mr. Fred Burns. Your friends call you 'Freddy'!

FREDDY: And probably the greatest advertising genius east of the Mississippi! The women cry for me! No customer ever complained!

CLEO (*Laughing*): Not really?

FREDDY: Yes, mam! I guarantee satisfaction or your money back! There is no compromise with quality in the Burns family! You owe it to yourself to investigate this amazing proposition! Act now before it is too late!

ETHEL (*Approaching with the others*): Freddy, did you ever see such a view!

FREDDY (*Gazing at Cleo*): Never!

ETHEL (*To Uto, with a laugh*): You'd better watch your daughter, Mr. Uto! Freddy's a terrible Don Juan!

FREDDY: If you Don Juan her, I'll Don Juan her!

ETHEL (*To Cleo*): That's why the girls all fall for him! They give in rather than listen to his awful puns!

CLEO (*Laughing*): So I imagine—

FREDDY (*To Ethel*): It's results that count, lady! (*There is a slight pause.*)

PETER (*Looking around curiously*): You know I can hardly believe that we're actually on the planet Venus!

Uto (*With a smile*): Well, as a matter of fact, you're some five thousand feet from it. This is the five hundredth floor.

ETHEL: Gracious! Why, that's higher than our Empire State building! (*She looks around a bit uncertainly.*) Isn't it?

PETER (*With a loving smile*): Yes, dearest—

FREDDY: Do your elevators ever break down?

UTO: We have none.

FREDDY: What? No elevators?

PETER (*Aghast*): No elevators?

UTO: You see there is no gravity here on Venus so there is little need for them.

PETER: No gravity!

UTO: No—we merely jump up to the floor at which we wish to alight.

PETER (*Open mouthed*): What?

ETHEL: How thrilling!

FREDDY: What a place for the Olympics!

PETER (*Looking around him a bit uneasily*): You mean I could jump up in the air right now if I wanted to? (*He looks up nervously.*)

UTO (*Smiling*): Yes, indeed, but you'd better practice a bit before trying it out.

FREDDY: How do you ever regulate your jumps?

UTO: One gets used to the distances very quickly. You'll find it much the same as walking.

PETER (*Open eyed*): People actually walk in the air?

UTO: Yes, most of the pedestrian traffic on Venus is in the sky.

FREDDY (*Grimacing*): Oh boy! Will I do some reconnoitering when it gets dark!

UTO (*To Freddy*): I'm afraid you'll have quite a wait. Darkness comes to Venus but once a year and then only for twenty-four hours.

PETER (*With an uneasy glance at Ethel*): You mean there's never any night time here? (*It is evident that Peter has but one idea.*)

UTO: Oh yes, our nights are about the same as yours, but you see, we have ten moons which keep the planet practically as light as day.

PETER: Ten moons!

ETHEL (*In raptures*): How romantic!

FREDDY: Imagine coming home from the club and seeing ten moons!

UTO: Once a year a decclipse occurs—

ETHEL: What on earth is a decclipse?

UTO: The ten moons form a straight line and there is illumination from but one.

FREDDY (*To Cleo*): Oh, for a decclipse and thou! (*The sound of a rocket is heard in the distance.*)

ETHEL: Gracious! What was that?

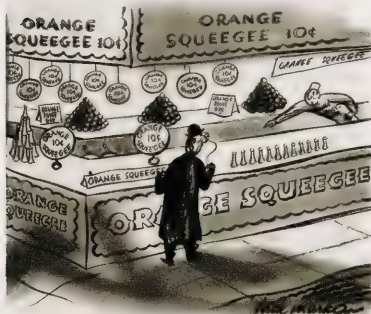
UTO (*Consulting his wrist watch*): That was the midnight rocket ship leaving for the earth.

PETER (*Aghast*): The earth? Great Heavens! you don't mean our world?

UTO (*With a smile*): Yes, in fact that one, I think, goes to your United States.

PETER (*Almost speechless*): What!

FREDDY: How long does it take?



"What's yours?"

(Continued on page 28)



THE FILM STAR GETS A VALENTINE

Valentine, float, crowds, climate, courtesy Metro-Goldfox, Twentieth Paramount.

WIT'S END

A motorist was helping his extremely fat victim to rise. "Couldn't you have gone around me?" growled the victim.

"Sorry," said the motorist, sadly. "I wasn't sure whether I had enough gasoline."

kitty-kat

Teacher (pointing to a deer at the zoo)—"Johnny, what is that?"

Johnny: "I don't know."

Teacher: "What does your Mother call your Father?"

Johnny: "Don't tell me that's a louse!"

record

I've seen a cyclone rise in wrath
And slaughter thousands in its path.

Exploding bombs and bodies raw
Before my path in calm I saw.

And one day on an Alpine hill
I saw an eagle make its kill.

Though these things may cause
some men to shrink
They did not even make me blink.

Have I no heart? Give I no heed?
Am I not moved by word or deed?

Alas 'tis false; I must confess
What causes me a great distress,

The thing I could not view with
ease:

Il Duce in his B.V.D's.

octopus

1—Man is born.

2—Man grows up.

3—Man kicks the bucket.

4—Man is buried.

5—Man turns to dust.

6—Grass grows from dust.

7—Horse eats grass.

Moral—Never kick a horse, you
might injure a former relative.

yellow jacket



—Wisconsin Octopus

It seems that two boxers were fighting the main bout at a small club. At the end of the first round, the kid who was taking a bad beating limped back to the corner and was ready to call it a night. His manager shouted, "Don't be a fool. He ain't laid a glove on you." The same thing happened in the second round and the soft-hearted manager repeated his speech. "That's swell. See, I told you he ain't laying a glove on you." In the third, the blows bounced off the poor kid's head like a ball around a roulette table, and he managed to stagger to his corner. He looked up at his manager and roared, "Don't tell me. I know. He ain't laid a glove on me. Well, watch the referee then, because somebody in that ring is giving me a hellova beating!"

puppet

Teacher: "Johnny what does f-e-t spell?"

Johnny: "Dunno."

Teacher: "Well, what is it that a cow has four of and I have two?"

Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unsuspected.

student

"Paw?"

"Now what?"

"Why didn't Noah swat both the flies when he has such a good chance?"

slr



Jack
marks

"My plumber asked me to get a friend for his helper!"



—Octopus

Joe: "I can't eat this soup."

Waiter: "Sorry, I'll call the manager."

Joe (to manager): "This soup, I can't eat it."

Manager: "I'll take care of it at once. Call the chef."

Joe (to chef): "Dammit, I can't eat this soup."

Chef: "What's the matter with it?"

Joe: "Nothing, only I ain't got a spoon."

widow

"Do you hear shomsing right now?"

"No?"

"Thash funny. I'm talkin' to you."

froth

Ragman: "Any old clothes? Any old clothes?"

"No. Get away from here. This is the D. U. house."

"Any old bottles?"

white male

A Westerner entered a saloon with his wife and three-year old boy.

He ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, pa," said the kid, "ain't ma drinking?"

texas ranger

The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the Governor. "And all Democrats, I suppose?"

"All but one," said the father proudly. "They're all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."

christian science monitor

She: "Now before you start this ride, I want to tell you that I don't smoke, drink or flirt. I visit no wayside inns, and I expect to be back by 10 o'clock."

He: "You're mistaken."

She: "You mean that I do any of those things?"

He: "No, I mean about starting for this ride."

black and blue joy

Customer: "You know that music stool you sold me?"

Shopkeeper: "Yes."

Customer: "Well, I've twisted and turned it in all directions but I can't get a single note out of it."

exchange

Patient: "Doctor, are you sure this is pneumonia? Sometimes doctors prescribe for pneumonia and the patients die of something else."

M. D. (with dignity): "When I

prescribe for pneumonia, you die of pneumonia."

exchange

"I've just taken a shine to your wife," said the stork to the negro when leaving the house.

log

"When I was in Atlantic City, I stopped at the Ambassador Hotel."

"Why, the Ambassador Hotel is in Philadelphia."

"What? No wonder it took me so long to walk to the beach!"

com-mirth

Little Audrey had a baby brother named Oaka. (In case you didn't know it, Audrey has a Japanese strain in her.)

One day her mother told her to go upstairs and bring Oaka down. Audrey laughed and laughed, because she knew she couldn't carioca.

red cat



"He's supposed to be a thoroughbred St. Bernard, but we're afraid there's a bit of lap dog in him."

VENUS, LTD.

(Continued from page 24)

UTO: About twenty hours.

PETER (Aghast): Good—Good God!

FREDDY (Shrugging his shoulders): Well, it's a small universe, isn't it?

PETER: Where do they land? And how is it we never knew about such a miracle?

UTO: This interplanetary line has been in operation only a few months. (With a smile.) For reasons which you wouldn't understand, it was thought best to keep it quiet.

PETER: But how could you ever keep a thing like that a secret?

UTO: Easily. The ships land in darkness at an isolated spot and the passengers are then sent to their destinations by plane.

PETER: It's—it's amazing!

UTO: It was a development that was bound to occur. We have been in communication with your world, as you call it, both by radio and television for years.

ETHEL: And to think we've had people from Venus walking right around under our very noses! I suppose some of them have even been in New Rochelle!

UTO (Smiling): I dare say.

PETER: How do the ships get back?

UTO: The return trip is made in much

faster time due to our Venusian magnetic ray. This is trained on the earth at a preappointed time and draws the ship back in less than eight hours.

FREDDY: That's travelling!

PETER: Guh-good Heavens! Did we come that fast?

UTO: Yes. It was this same ray which you accidentally ran across in your steel cabin plane. By a miracle you were sucked up just behind a returning rocket ship otherwise the tremendous speed would have torn your plane to bits.

PETER (In awe): No wonder we never knew what struck us!

ETHEL: Dear! To think that only this morning we were starting off on our honeymoon and Freddy was flying us down to Newport!

PETER (Plaintively): And look where we landed!

ETHEL (Putting her arm around him): Anyway, we're together, dear, and what could be lovelier than a honeymoon on Venus!

FREDDY (Winking at CLEO): Two honeymoons!

PETER (Kissing ETHEL): My little wife!

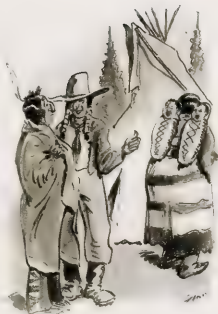
FREDDY (Suddenly jumping up): My God! Do you realize we're famous!

PETER: What do you mean?

FREDDY: We're the first Americans to fly from the world to another planet!

Why we'll make millions! We'll—

PETER: Yes, but before we can be-



"Every Sioux I make goes on her back."

come famous we've got to fly back!

FREDDY (Subsiding): And nobody would believe us anyway! (He looks around.) I wonder if they miss us?

UTO (Calmly): A radiospach this morning reported you lost. (As they stare at him.) Let's see what the news reel has to say. (He steps to a table upon which is a low, boxlike contraption resembling a radio. He switches it on and turns a dial to a certain point then looks down into the face of it. Band music is heard coming from it. All except CLEO gather around him and look.)

PETER: What's that?

UTO (Pointing, with a smile): That is your United States.

FREDDY: Oh, it's an old news reel.

UTO: On the contrary, it's a television set. That news is happening right this minute.

ETHEL (Excited): Why, there's President Roosevelt!

FREDDY: Do you call that news! I wonder how the Louis fight came out.

UTO (Calmly): He won in the first round.

FREDDY (Staring at him in awe): Sees all—knows all!

ETHEL: Look! There's someone flying across the Atlantic!

FREDDY: Who is it? Mrs. Roosevelt?

ETHEL (Grabbing PETER's arm): Peter! There's Gracie Jones! (She waves.) Yoo hoo! Gracie!

FREDDY: You'll have to yell louder than that, Ethel!

PETER: To think that here on Venus we can see and hear our own people



"Could you lend me two-bits 'till tomorrow, Joe?"



*"Never mind the ball,
caddy—find me!"*

millions of miles away! Why it's—it's unbelievable!

UTO (Snapping the machine off carelessly): We seldom use it now except for telepathic amusement. It was a novelty at first but like your radio the entertainment was so poor it became a bore.

FREDDY: Score one for Venus!

PETER (To Uto): What do you mean by telepathic amusement?

UTO: Reading people's minds. It's great fun, especially the minds of some of your intelligentsia. (Smiling.) Just the other day I was listening to your man Mencken giving a talk on "American Culture" and all the time he was thinking of nothing but how much he'd like some beer!

FREDDY: Ha! That didn't take mental telepathy!

PETER (To Uto): You actually can read people's minds?

UTO: We learn it in school the same as you learn reading and writing. Mental telepathy has been in common use in Venus for years. Speech is seldom used except among the lower classes.

ETHEL: Imagine not saying a word all day long! (To Uto.) Can you tell what we're thinking, Mr. Uto?

FREDDY: That would probably be child's play for him!

ETHEL: Oh, do go on, Mr. Uto. Tell us!

PETER: Now, Darling don't embarrass Mr. Uto. After all, he's our host.

UTO (With a smile): Oh, your

thoughts are all perfectly harmless now.

FREDDY (With a glance at CLEO): Oh yeah?

UTO: Mrs. Pepper is wondering where Cleo got the dress she has on and whether she wears a girdle. Mr. Pepper has two things on his mind. He's wondering if this is all a dream and when he and Mrs. Pepper may retire. The latter thought is stronger than the former. (Peter looks decidedly uncomfortable.)

ETHEL (Shocked): Why, Peter!

FREDDY (Almost in hysterics): Yes, yes, go on!

UTO: Mr. Burns, at the moment, is not thinking. We do not class ordinary physical desires as thoughts.

FREDDY: Ouch!

(A bell rings and JUPE appears instantly and steps to a phone-like contraption on the wall. As he lifts the receiver, a face appears on a small round screen above the phone. JUPE looks at it a second then turns and looks at Uto.)

UTO (Glancing at JUPE, then back to the others): Pardon me one moment.

(He steps to the phone the rest staring after him. JUPE stands to one side holding the receiver while Uto looks at the face on the screen without saying a word. After a moment he returns to the group. JUPE replaces the receiver on the hook, the face disap-

pears and he exits quietly.)

(Simultaneous with the action.)

ETHEL (Looking at phone): Gracious! What's that?

CLEO: A telephatophone.

FREDDY: It looks a little bit like Winchell!

CLEO (Laughing): It's only the chief of police.

UTO (With a smile of explanation): That was our secret service chief. He's a bit anxious about our distinguished guests.

ETHEL: How exciting!

UTO: You see, I am the Heart Ruler in this district. In fact, that is our main exchange up there in the tower. (He points backstage, then as the others look at him mystified, he laughs apologetically.) Forgive me, I forget that you are new to Venus!

FREDDY (With a glance at CLEO): We're willing to learn!

UTO: Every heart, on Venus is controlled by what you might call a Master Clock. And each one of us is a small clock connected to that master clock.

ETHEL: By wires?

UTO: No, it's radio control. "Caradiac Control" is the technical term.

FREDDY: Everybody gets the same program, eh?

UTO: With people tuning their radios to whatever pleases their fancy you know what the result is.



"He hit me with the whole Andante Cantabile movement of Mozart's Concerto for Harp and muted strings, Opus 148, number 2!"



"Al, when you come 'down please bring my eyelashes!"

FREDDY: The Voice of Experience!

UTO: No, the usual result is a hundred different programs—discord—bedlam. It is the same with human emotions. Uncontrolled emotions have caused the discord of mankind since the universe began. You in the world, for example, childishly attempt to control the emotions by legislation and religion. Here in Venus we control the source, the very spring which gives life to our emotions—the heart.

ETHEL: How wonderful!

PETER: How are all these hearts connected up?

UTO: Cardiacousticans.

FREDDY: Sounds like a Russian orchestra.

UTO: Heart Control belts you might call them. Every man, woman and child in Venus must wear one. It is the only law in this country but it is rigidly enforced.

ETHEL: I'd love to wear one.

UTO (Smiling): I'm afraid you'll have to, all of you. That was what the chief was worried about. It is customary for visitors to Venus to be connected up with heart belts before they are allowed to enter the country. As you were my guests—the conventions were waived for the moment. (He points to the tower.) As soon as you've finished your coffee we'll go up.

PETER (Glancing at ETHEL): Does it take long?

UTO: Only a short time. It's just a matter of attaching the belt and being tuned in.

ETHEL (Anxiously): Does it hurt?

UTO (With a smile): On the contrary,

you'll find it a very wonderful experience. You see the master clock keeps every heart at the same slow, even beat. This does away entirely with waste energy and the burning up of live tissues. It is the nearest approach to perpetual youth that man has ever known.

PETER (Excited): You mean to say—there's no such thing as old age here?

UTO: Practically. In fact, barring accidents there is seldom death.

PETER: Ethel—How divine!

FREDDY: Divine is right! (To PETER.) Aren't you glad you came now?

ETHEL: Why—it's perfectly thrilling! (To UTO.) And can we be that way, too?

UTO: Yes, indeed. So long as you stay on Venus.

FREDDY (With a grin): I'm willing to try it for a couple of hundred years!

PETER (Suddenly looking at UTO): If you don't mind my asking—how old are you?

UTO (Calmly): Two thousand.

ETHEL: Two thousand!

FREDDY (With a startled glance at CLEO): I suppose Cleo here is just sweet sixteen hundred!

UTO: No, Cleo is—

CLEO (With a smile): Now father!

UTO (Smiling): Cleo is comparatively young.

FREDDY (Looking at him in awe): And you're two thousand. What a man!

UTO: My father is three thousand. There are Venusians said to be nearly five thousand years old.

ETHEL (Putting her arm around

PETER): Darling! Just think! Some day we'll celebrate our thousandth anniversary!

PETER (Nervously): Let's celebrate our first—first.

ETHEL: I'm so excited! (To CLEO.) It must be simply marvelous not to have to worry about growing old!

UTO (With a smile): You won't have to worry about anything. Naturally with the heart slowed down and controlled, there's no such thing as fear or anger—

FREDDY (Suddenly realizing): Then there can't be any fighting—any wars!

UTO (Smiling): There can't even be any patriotism.

PETER: And no crime!

UTO: No immoderation of any sort. The fundamental idea behind Cardiac control is enforced serenity and peace.

ETHEL: Isn't that wonderful!

PETER (Suddenly anxious): You say no immoderation of any kind?

UTO: That's right.

PETER: Then with these—heart belts on—it's impossible to get excited about—anything at all?

UTO: Quite impossible. Once you are connected up and tuned in you can say farewell to fear—anger—passion—

PETER (Painfully): No—p-p-passion?

FREDDY (Suddenly realizing): No passion?

UTO (Calmly): Nothing but serenity and peace.

PETER (Like a condemned man, with a glance at ETHEL): Then there's no—er—sex life on Venus?

UTO (With a hearty laugh): No, not for centuries!

FREDDY (His eyes heavenward): Oh, death, where is thy sting!

(The three look at each other blankly as the curtain slowly falls.)

(Continued next month and don't miss it—it's colossal!)



"Taxi!"



"I don't quite trust him, mother—he never looks me in the eye."

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(Material appeared in Jan. issue)

- 1st PRIZE—\$50.00 for No. 2**
 To— George L. Pugh
 W. Asheville, N. C.
- 2nd PRIZE—\$30.00 for No. 1**
 To— W. Browning
 Los Angeles, Cal.
- 3rd PRIZE—\$20.00 for No. 3**
 To— Bob Murray
 Floral Park, L. I.

The rest will receive 4th Prizes of \$5.00 each

MR. POTTER'S PICTURE

(Continued from page 19)

had intervened ten minutes before connived again. Mr. Potter presented to the blinking lens his overshoe soles and the seat of his pants.

When he regained his feet he knew definitely that his picture had not been a success because he was being urged to go back and repeat a vertical pose. "It don't cost you no extra, mister! You wanted your pitcher took, didn't cha?" With tacit retirement, Mr. Potter declined the offer, hearing his eccentricity enlarged upon to witnesses who slackened pace to give ear.

Humped morosely within his collar, he redirected his will upon his neglected original mission. At the corner, however, red again gleamed east and west and the numbered record of his portrait was now blown up-right against the curb in such wise that human clutch could no longer fail. Planning to stoop, Mr. Potter moved aside somewhat to permit a lady with a Sealyham on a leash to gain the sidewalk. . . . It took them a trifle longer than he had anticipated, for the Sealyham showed interest in Mr. Potter's card, too. And while the lady paused to indulge her pet's whim, Mr. Potter watched Fate, in canine guise, mock him conclusively. Unrecorded to posterity, he plodded on into a bleak day.

—Marian Deitrick.



"Lay off slot machines and Kiwanis Club luncheons for a while!"

PERSONAL—Ballyhoo comes out on the last Thursday of each month

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Ray Crosby
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4th Prize—\$10.00 to

Lawrence W. Hall
 Box 358
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5th Prize—\$5.00 to

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H. C. Freeman, Jr.
 222-1901 Hall, Princeton Univ.
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3rd Prize—\$50 to

Henry Bruno
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 Chicago, Ill.

4th Prize—\$25 to

A. Humphrey
 P. O. Box 675
 Palo Alto, Calif.

And 45 5th Prizes of \$5.00 each

Due to lack of space we cannot list these winners. Their names are on file at this office.

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OR HOW TO WHILE AWAY THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS



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